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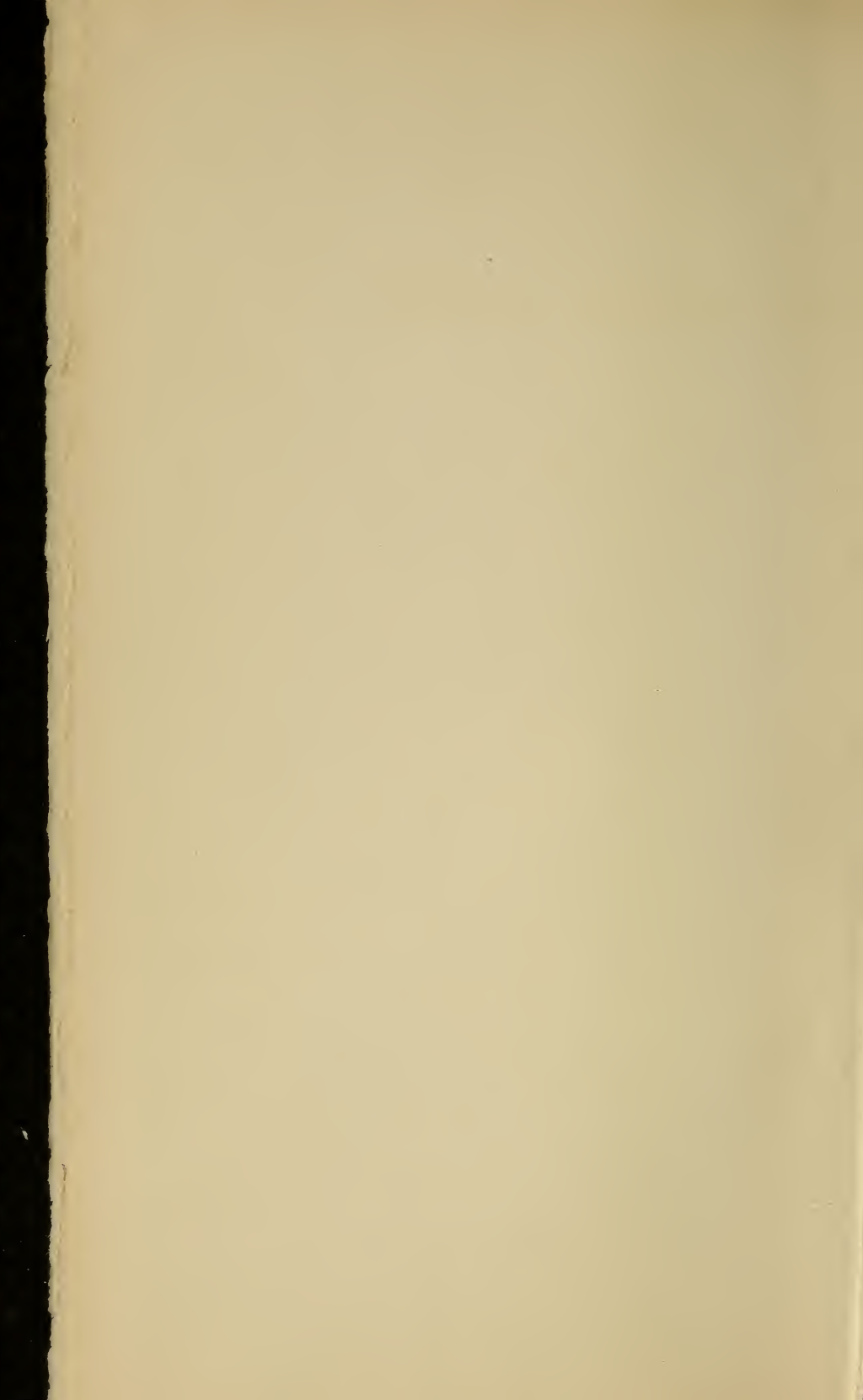


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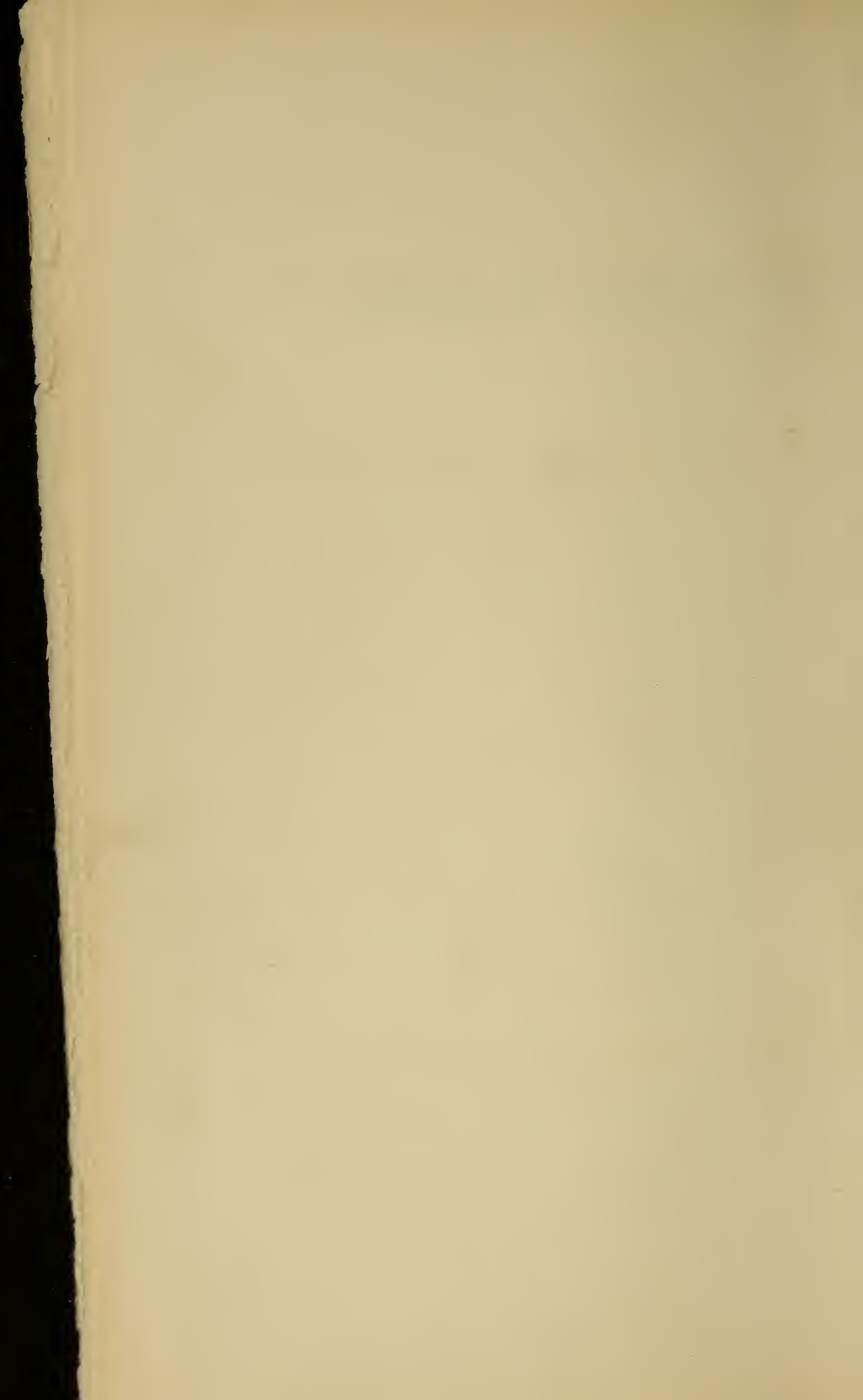
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THE HIDDEN GARDEN



THE HIDDEN GARDEN

by

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BOSTON

THE RANGER COMPANY

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F. C. S.

***I**F I should wind the clocks
And set the shutters wide,
She might return, O house,
Forgetting she had died.*

*If on the ash-strewn hearth,
Where her heart made it home,
I lit again the fire,
To my heart she might come.*

*And in the silent rooms
If I should dare to sing,
Herself within the song
Might give me comforting.*

ORDER OF VERSES

- I. The Plan
- II. The Undesired Days
- III. Neighbors
- IV. The Window and the Lane
- V. There's a moon now-a-nights
- VI. Her Mirror
- VII. Life's ecstasy
- VIII. Love is the day
- IX. Unlike as the lark
- X. The Hidden Garden
- XI. Morning
- XII. If resurrection mornings are like
this
- XIII. I trembled at the threshold
- XIV. Still is the deepest joy
- XV. The hour that quickeneth
- XVI. Flood-tide
- XVII. Love's wise unreason brings
- XVIII. Thou shalt not guess
- XIX. The Approach
- XX. The Hours
- XXI. Love as a candle white
- XXII. Parting
- XXIII. As little could avail
- XXIV. Hope

- XXV. The Out-going
XXVI. Lord Love, heed Thou my
prayer
XXVII. Respite
XXVIII. Need went out a-seeking
XXIX. Eager is the crowded mart
XXX. Upon my hearth I found a fire
XXXI. I dared to think it mine alone
XXXII. Enter not now! I would prepare
some place
XXXIII. Lest I too deep within his soul
had seen
XXXIV. Tribute
XXXV. The Victor
XXXVI. In Passing
XXXVII. Annunciation
XXXVIII. Joy tangled up the weaving
thread
XXXIX. Hush not, O bird, for fear I
guess
XL. The Inland Road
XLI. When we have ceased to long
for spring
XLII. The Sudden Hour
XLIII. Tomorrow and tomorrow
stretch before
XLIV. Love said the perfect word
XLV. Once, while the unknown road

- XLVI. Older than Omar's long-spent
spring
- XLVII. The East Wind
- XLVIII. A little while the storm we
share
- XLIX. The wind that stirs the clover-
tops
- L. Whither, O western wind
- LI. Between low banks the brook
flows on
- LII. The Path
- LIII. The burden of the heat upon
me lay
- LIV. The Pleasant Field
- LV. Somewhere our sunset makes
the morn
- LVI. The year fulfilled, unsorrowing
- LVII. November
- LVIII. Nature wearying of blossoms
- LIX. Loss
- LX. Winter Rain
- LXI. Now is earth's day far spent
- LXII. This a thought at summer's
end
- LXIII. Love is long though Time has
wings
- LXIV. This is the way the morning
came
- LXV. A Demand

- LXVI. The world is all unworthy of
its June
- LXVII. Gift and giver, Love, thou art
- LXVIII. Secrets
- LXIX. Valentines
- LXX. See, the limits of the nest
- LXXI. A Rebuke
- LXXII. Ah, it is poverty indeed
- LXXIII. A Memory
- LXXIV. The Dark Sea
- LXXV. Distances
- LXXVI. Voiceless the solitudes that
intervene
- LXXVII. How far is it from heart to
heart
- LXXVIII. The Memorial by F.
Duveneck
- LXXIX. Prayer
- LXXX. Unfathomed space
- LXXXI. Te Deum Laudamus
- LXXXII. We measure off God's wide
eternity
- LXXXIII. Build as we may we shall not
reach the sky
- LXXXIV. "I *will* not lose Thee, Lord,"
I cried
- LXXXV. So wide the sky
- LXXXVI. Elusive

- LXXXVII. Dreams
- LXXXVIII. The Travelers
- LXXXIX. As to deep notes of music
- XC. A White Moment
- XCI. Little Questions, you are
blind
- XCII. To Clement of Alexandria
- XCIII. Laborers
- XCIV. A barren little muse, De-
cember born
- XCV. Life
- XCVI. A Reminder
- XCVII. October clover
- XCVIII. I planned to help the sun
arise
- XCIX. At Sunrise in December
- C. "Fear no more the heat
o' the sun"
- CI. "With what body do they
come?"
- CII. The Strong Soul
- CIII. "Mine hour is not yet come"
- CIV. Flight
- CV. Light-heart, how well do
I remember thee
- CVI. Cold keen wind from the
northwest blowing
- CVII. Sunlight in the Room
- CVIII. The Witnesses
- CIX. Songs at the spring

I.

THE PLAN

TO build the year with all things beautiful,
Then bid them by strange ways to cease to be:
To smite the land with whirlwind and with frost;
To lay earth's loveliness as low as earth;
To blur all color, and to mar all form;
To still the song; at last to seal with snow;
Thus to undo the perfect work of life;
And then to build anew, by blade and leaf,
Blossom and fruit and scent and sound and song
Another year for self-same harvesting,—
This is the Plan by which are magnified
The Power and the Wisdom of the Lord.

II

THE UNDESIRED DAYS

UNDAUNTED spring, with strong up-
surging sap,
And tender leaf, and eager, untried wing,
With lengthening and undesired days,
Divides the old sweet time forever done
From this, when all of life-long dread comes
true.

Yet have I found amid the meagre hours
A solitary gift the lavish spring
Withholds, and I would tell to timid bird
And trembling leaf and blossom that must
fade,
That there shall come a time without a fear,
When neither darkness nor unclouded noon
Can strike with ancient terror the new
peace.

III.

NEIGHBORS

THROUGH windows three the Night
looks in;
Lighted the room
By lamps that burn unflickering
Against the gloom.

The Dark my nightly neighbor is,
Ever at gaze,
Peering as though in wonderment
At my strange ways.

The Wind knows many tongues; tonight
Through windows three
A tale of the uprising tide
It brings to me;

While I between the little lamps
That stand on guard,
Watch Neighbor Dark and, wondering,
Hear the Wind's word.

IV.

THE WINDOW AND THE LANE

FOR the dear feet returning
That will not come again,
Dear eyes that now are darkened
Watched at this window-pane.
Little, expectant window,
Watch thou the empty lane!

V.

THERE'S a moon now-a-nights
 shining on the little cove,
And a wind blowing in from the sea;
There's a tide leaping higher,
 wave by wave of crystal fire,
Up the rock where two used to be.

Other Heart, dost thou know?
 Other Heart, dost thou love?
Other Heart, dost thou hear and see?
Where the waters flow white,
 there's a voice in the night
Crying out, Other Heart, to thee.

VI.

HER MIRROR

O WASTEFUL mirror, hadst thou kept
but one
Of all the dear reflections of her face,
What treasure mine these many empty
days
Wherethrough, alone, I seek from sun to
sun
That which is now forever more undone,
Nor dwells in anything nor any place !

Yet, didst thou hold what all earth else hath
not,
O mirror; if I found her only there,
Unchanging, fixed in thy insensate
care,—
Found her,—long sought, long-sought!
Then would I shatter thee that so didst
dare!
My jealous heart her semblance will not
share;
My unforgetting heart—no otherwhere—
Her world;—a deeper thought within my
thought.

VII.

LIFE'S ecstasy
In pain has proof;
Life's agony—
Love knows thereof!

VIII.

LOVE is the day
In which we wake,
For whose dear sake
Dark flees away.

Love is the night
Wherein we sleep,
The wider deep
That circles light.

IX.

UNLIKE as the lark
And the thrush—

Hark !

Hush !

The word of the skies

East and west—

Rise !

Rest.

X.

THE HIDDEN GARDEN

THE garden walls are high;
And yet, year after year,
Beloved passerby,
What time thou drawest near,

Quick stirs the old surmise;
And punctual blossoms greet
Thy dear unheeding eyes,
And thy unpausing feet.

XI.

MORNING

TO the valley-meadow
Came the day:
Where the night-long shadow
Deepest lay

Low the clouds were leaning,
Till a lark
Woke to tell the meaning
Of the dark.

XII.

IF resurrection mornings are like this
How good to rise !
Immortal as the quickened grass beneath
These April skies !

Love's fashion glad, that older is than
death,
Clothes life anew;
Earth wakes in sudden beauty, and my
heart
Again holds you.

XIII.

I TREMBLED at the threshold ere I
went
To mate my soul with thine;
But broken is the Bread at Sacrament
And measured is the Wine;
So are we safe in the divine excess
Of blessedness.

XIV.

STILL is the deepest joy. I have no
word.

How put within the compass of a thought
This that thy spirit to my spirit brought,
Unsought, unseen, unheard !

Tomorrow it may be that I will speak—
So soon in us the lesser thing finds
place—
But for today—unutterable grace,
A silence naught shall break.

XV.

THE hour that quickeneth
To life from death,—
This, out of all Time gave,
Alone we save.

XVI.

FLOOD-TIDE

O LIFE, thou hast no bond of time or
place

For souls akin!
The little barriers of the lowlands break,
The tide comes in!

If there are valleys down beneath the sea
They hidden lie;
And earth, her lesser self awhile forgot,
Reflects the sky.

XVII.

LOVE'S wise unreason brings
Thee all my treasured things,
Thou mayest choose to leave
Or take, but I must give.

For when the new command
Shall stay my emptied hand,
How bear my penury
Had I kept aught from thee?

XVIII.

THOU shalt not guess
From whence this awful tide of
blessedness,
But thou shalt say:
*"O life is good today!
Pleasant the bounteous grass
Through which I pass,
And gladdening the presence of the child
That looked on me and smiled."*
God and one heart beside
Know whence the tide.

XIX.

THE APPROACH

THE day fails in the sky;
The dark comes up the sea;
A fear enmeshes me
Because the night is nigh.

Alert, I watch the change:
The sifted shadow falls;
A bird, unanswered, calls;
A star wakes, white and strange.

XX.

THE HOURS

NIGHT-LONG the beating of the sea
 Upon my heart.
In its unending litany
 My voiceless part.

Beseechings inarticulate,
 That ebb and flow,
Some power to propitiate,
 Averting woe.

Later, a moon fantastic, lit
 With silver flame;
Then a white morn, that pursued it
 And overcame.

XXI.

LOVE as a candle white
Wars with the night,
Piercing a path, a guard
With slender sword;

Trembles at touch of dawn,
Dims, and is gone,—
One with the Light of Light,
Victor of night.

XXII.

PARTING

LOVE breaks the barrier that keeps
Thee close in love's caress,—
So stern is love, the while it weeps
In sudden wistfulness.

XXIII.

A S little could avail
Who strove to stay
The ebbing day,
Or make an echo frail,
Borne by the wind,
Tarry behind ! —
There is no way, no way
That heart can find ! —
How fast the visions fail !

XXIV.

HOPE

FRAIL as a dew-web, spun
In dusty grass,
While swift cloud-shadows pass
Before the sun.

Fleet as a bird on wing
Through the wide night,
An instant poised in sight
Ere vanishing.

XXV.

THE OUT-GOING

THE quivering leaves above
Have ceased to move,
Nor is the sudden silence stirred
By note of bird.

Why does the forest pause?
What is it awes?
A flower fallen in the grass?—
Or did joy pass?

XXVI.

L ORD Love, heed Thou my prayer
Not yet, not yet,
Till I forget to pray:
 Let me forget;
Till I shall ask of Thee
 A harder thing:
Let me rejoice, rejoice
 Remembering !

XXVII.

RESPITE

THE heart her sabbath kept,
Her daily tasks put by;
Unsung her ecstasy,
Her wordless grief unwept.

As one at pain's release,
Ere joy again should sting
Too deep for comforting,
She kept the law of peace.

XXVIII.

NEED went out a-seeking,
Scarce knew what she sought
Scattered is my treasure
Far and wide, she thought.

Love went forth to find her,
Up and down the land,
With her unknown treasure
Hidden in his hand.

XXIX.

EAGER is the crowded mart;
Need and need meet and miss.
Plentitude is in that heart,
Poverty in this.

"I have need." "I have store."

"Give, for pity's sake !"

"Greater mercy, I implore:

O, in pity, take !"

XXX.

UPON my hearth I found a fire
I kindled not;
It flashed, insistent as desire,
About the barren spot.

Henceforth my heart must guard the flame;
I fear the gloom
I knew not till the fire became
Revealer of the room.

XXXI.

I DARED to think it mine alone,
Won in a solitary strife:
From stranger-eyes the truth out-shone,
Another soul revealed its own
And shared my deeper life.

XXXII.

ENTER not now! I would prepare
some place,
Make clean and sweet and beautiful a room
Where we may know each other face to
face,—
And yet, O friend, since thou today art
come,
Thy presence be the purifying grace
To render fit my home!

XXXIII.

LEST I too deep within his soul had
seen

What he had not yet known,
The veil of self shut down our lives between,
And each stood safe, alone.

XXXIV.

TRIBUTE

PRAISES for prophets by whose sight
we see;
Honors for heroes in whose might we win;
Tenderer tribute to that brother be
Whose deed reveals our uncommitted sin.

XXXV.

THE VICTOR

FROM unforgetting eyes
Peer stricken memories:
Life was a braver thing
Before this conquering.

XXXVI.

IN PASSING

A TIME-WORN face,
With lines deep-set,—
A face to pass and to forget,
So commonplace !

But suddenly—
The semblance gone—
A travailing soul I looked upon
In passing by.

XXXVII.

ANNUNCIATION.

IN March, month of desire,
The unseen wings
Fan up the primal fire
At heart of things.

And fettered feet stand free,
And the deaf hear
From sealed lips, suddenly,
A cry of—fear.

For cruel keen the light,
And harsh the air;
Spring as a sword doth smite
Earth unaware.

XXXVIII.

JOY tangled up the weaving thread,
As hands of strangers do;
Flung to the winds the reel of red,
And snarled the skein of blue.

The careful pattern called content
We wrought before Joy came
Now hangs irreparably rent
Upon its narrow frame.

And Joy is fled ! Mayhap he weaves
In beauty elsewhere;
But unto us, alas, he leaves
A problem of repair.

XXXIX.

HUSH not, O bird, for fear I guess
And share your heart of happiness.

O rose, you careless treasurer,
From me your secret is secure.

O hush not, hide not, fear not me;
My joy is locked, withheld the key.

XL.

THE INLAND ROAD

A LONG an inland road I fare—
O but my heart is elsewhere!
All day I hear a sea-wind blow,
And feel the tides flood high, ebb low,
And know the colors of the sky
Beneath which the white sea-gulls fly;
And, in a world of thee and me,
I rest where cliffs reach out to sea,
And watch, till miracle be done,
Pursuing shadow, fleeing sun,
The while, through these blind ways of
dust,
I go alone—because I must.

XLI.

WHEN we have ceased to long for
spring,
Winter is past.
Hearts that have finished hungering
May feast at last.

Death of desire shall soon or late
Our need complete.
Yet haste not, O insatiate,
Desire is sweet.

XLII.

THE SUDDEN HOUR

O PEN roads beckon me
Far, beyond sight;
Empty hearths call to me
For warmth and light.

Others shall light the fire
And find the home,
Follow the wider roads,—
I cannot come.

XLIII.

TOMORROW and tomorrow stretch
before
And summon from my door
Your eager feet. I do not bid you stay,
Straight lies your way.
Yet, as you go, unguessed within your
eyes
I see goodbyes
Of yesterdays you cannot know,
My yesterdays of long ago;
And these, my answering tears that
start,
This ache of heart,
This blessing on your dear unheeding
head
Are for my dead.

XLIV.

LOVE said the perfect word
Long, long ago,
Changeless, the heart inferred;
Life was to show

How love could lose love's smile,
Lack love's caress,
Proving the long, long while
Love's changelessness.

XLV.

ONCE, while the unknown road
We travelled side by side,
A thought her light bestowed
To be our guide.

Now, lest this life should lack
When parted ways there be,
Always the thought leads back
Again to thee.

XLVI.

OLDER than Omar's long-spent
spring
The scent of roses hither blown,
Intangible, unaltering
Though hearts in dust go down.

Frail sign of immortality,
Fleeting, and yet forever part
Of the imperious ecstasy
Within earth's prisoned heart.

XLVII.

THE EAST WIND

TO hearts that wait
Far from the place where they would
be,

I bring the message of the sea
Across the marshes desolate;
With mingled scent of salt and rain,
With clouds of gray that sweep the sky
I come to those who wait in vain,
And question why.

I tell of tides that to and fro
On their appointed courses go
In spite of calms or tempests high;
Of the great depths that quiet lie
The ever-restless waves below.
I bring the message of the sea
None but a patient heart may know.

Is it for thee?

XLVIII.

A LITTLE while the storm we share,
Fury of wave and wind-blown rain,
Then, turning from the terror there,
Seek shelter once again.

Lest, in the tempest, from the soul
The shreds of self be torn away
We dare not listen to the Whole
That Nature has to say.

XLIX.

THE wind that stirs the clover-tops
 May speed a thunder cloud,
The heart of power can be both
 So humble and so proud.

And this that touches me today—
 Mysterious as the wind—
I marvel that it can at once
 Be terrible and kind.

L.

WHITHER, O western wind,
Speeding away
Over the purpled sea
At close of day?

—'Tis but a little world
Winds blow about,
And but a little way
Souls venture out.—

Seek ye the whitherward
Beyond the sea?—
Ah, but the whitherward
The whence will be.

LI.

BETWEEN low banks the brook flows
on

And bears me forth its gentle way;
Nor fern nor twig nor hindering stone
Our ceaseless pace can stay.

The singing birds above me share
My secret of unhasting flight,
Buds lift as they become aware,
Desire toward the light.

So pass I onward to the sea,
So in the bird song have I part,
So spring wherever blossoms be
The longings of my heart.

LII.

THE PATH

LONG since unknown, one did the field
divide;

Some eager human errand, sad or sweet,
Made here this way of the forgotten feet,
Wherein we also follow side by side.

LIII.

THE burden of the heat upon me lay;
 "I will return," I said.
"Long grasses in that morning meadow
 sway
 To cool my feet, my head."

Beneath the burden of a wasted day
 Back to the field I went.
There other hands that harvested the **hay**
 Reaped my long-sought content.

LIV.

THE PLEASANT FIELD

A PLEASANT field to man is lent
Wherein to toil till Time be spent;
In whose safe bosom, gently pressed,
Sower and seed at last shall rest.

LV.

SOMEWHERE our sunset makes the
morn,

A shadowed land awakes to light;
Beyond the west a day is born
From out our night.

Day that it is not ours to know,
Dawn, for us but a rosy past,
Then a fast-fading afterglow,
And dark, at last.

LVI.

THE year fulfilled, unsorrowing
November yieldeth all to death,
But oh, the wistfulness of spring
When the first blossom withereth!

LVII.

NOVEMBER

THIS the morning after frost:
Life no longer strives or clings;
One by one, a leafy host
Floats to earth on golden wings.

While above, a far, faint blue
Watches through the quiet air.
Hope withheld and hope come true
Sealed with silence everywhere.

LVIII.

NATURE wearying of blossoms,
In some latitudes
Blights them with the snow and silence
Of her winter moods.

Ah, I falter at the question
I am fain to ask,—
Comes there unto hearts a season
When love is a task?

LIX

LOSS

TAKE a bird song from the summer's
Joyousness
And none ever dream the chorus
One voice less.

But, amid the winter stillness
Of the snows,
When a sparrow ceases chirping,—
Then one knows.

LX.

WINTER RAIN

TOO late to bless the fields now black
and low
With frozen need beyond thine utmost aid,
Futile thou art, as love the living know
Weeping a word delayed.

LXI.

NOW is earth's day far spent; the night
is near;

Tremulous ecstasy of dawning spring
And rapture of high summer, perfecting
All promise in fulfilment, failing here,
Let fall the moments of the waning year
One after one ; passionless ruin hastes;
Silent the Word, and ever beauty wastes
In the pale presence of a peace austere.

The mystery of darkness approacheth,
And life, the terrible and exquisite,
Withdrawing to the earth's unfathomed
breast,
Doth there endure the winter of this death,
And weave anew, with yearning infinite,
A garment for the Secret none hath
guessed.

LXII.

THIS a thought at summer's end:
Seeds of summer make the spring
Of the next year's blossoming.

And beneath the wintry ways,
Through the storm and stern delays,
Love, unseen, lives on, O friend.

LXIII.

L*OVE is long though Time has wings!*

This the solace that Life brings
Though it take a thousand things.

In the silence or the song,
Glad the thought and deep and strong:
Time is fleet but Love is long!

LXIV.

THIS is the way the morning came:
There rose smiting wind,
The sun flung out a torch of flame,
And Love a word did find.

This is the way the morning came:
Across the brooding sea
I breathed toward the sun thy name
And blessed the day to thee.

LXV.

A DEMAND

HEART-ROOM here where Love has
hid—

Unexplained, as best things are !—
Shall the fields a flower forbid,
Or the skies exclude a star?

LXVI.

THE world is all unworthy of its June
Till June herself complete
The beauty of the sky our heads above,
The beauty at our feet.
I tremble lest I claim a joy too soon,
Daring to love thee, Sweet,
Yet how may life be worthier of love
Till love and life shall meet?

LXVII.

GIFT and giver, Love, thou art !
At the touch of spring
Birds find voice and petals part
For thy worshipping.

Love that bloometh for a day,
Love of briefest song,
Each makes beautiful the way,
And the way is long !

Hiding in the heart of each
Seeds of the To-be,
Love in all her words would teach
Immortality.

LXVIII.

SECRETS

IF you know wherefore a flower
Turns toward the sun,
What the petals close to cover
When the day is done,

As possessor of these secrets
Of the scent and dew,
You may guess the heart-deep reason
That I turn to you.

LXIX.

VALENTINES

I

HE who says: "One robin
Doesn't make a spring,"
Filled with too much learning
Knows not anything !

Wiser he, who hearing
Robin's call—or thine—
Sets the heart-door swinging,
Waits no second sign.

II

A GARDEN brave with fir and pine,
In February stirred
By a new note, the prophet sign
Of joy beyond all word !
O if that garden-heart were mine
And thou the singing bird !

LXX.

SEE, the limits of the nest
Wing the flight;
Blossoms, by their buds oppressed,
Claim the light.

Little self, wilt thou come forth?
Life is wide;
That which would complete thy worth
Waits outside.

LXXI.

A REBUKE

AS if a rose should question
Because it grew so slow!
Impatient little flower,
It is not thine to know
Appointed times and seasons,—
Thy duty is to grow.

For, if too soon thou bloomest,
The tempest winds that blow
May spoil thy fragrant beauty
And lay thy petals low,
Then one who cometh after
Without his rose would go.

LXXII.

OH, it is poverty indeed
To have not for another's need !
But thou art rich whose love can bless
Another life with happiness.

LXXIII.

A MEMORY

THE white road from the harbor town
Mid-morning, and July;
Cloudless the sun that would smite down
Such timid folk as I.

A thought beyond are shadowed lane,
And wave-cooled shore, and sea;
But I go the white road again,
With the old fear on me.

LXXIV.

THE DARK SEA

INCALCULABLE currents and strange
tides

Have swept thee forth on self's uncharted
sea;—

No otherwhere in all the world besides
So cruel far could be.

Thought cannot reach thee; unavailing
love

Through the great dark uplifts a torch in
vain.

What word shall on these wastes of being
move

To bring thee light again?

LXXV.

DISTANCES

WE marvel that the Silence can divide
The living from the dead; yet more
 apart
Are they who all life long dwell side by side
 But never heart by heart.

LXXVI.

VOICELESS the solitudes that intervene:

Soul unto soul in separated light

Answers across the mystery of Night

As star to star, a great gulf set between.

LXXVII.

HOW far is it from heart to heart?
So near it is—so near
That all of time the Present is
And every place is Here.

And yet, sometimes, from heart to heart
It is as far—as far
As to unmeasured distances
Beyond the dimmest star.

LXXVIII.

THE MEMORIAL BY F. DUVENECK.

THOU didst not know it was for this
that Life,
The mighty sculptor, made thee beautiful,
And chiselled thee with keen-edged joy and
pain
Unto the type of perfect womanhood;
That when on quiet feet, on pulseless
breast,
Should gently lie the victor-palm of peace,
Thou mightest waken in the artist's love
The power to show immortal purity
Unto a weary, sinning world of men.

LXXIX.

PRAYER

I COME to Thee for aid;
Thou putttest shadows by.
Filled by Thy presence, Lord,
What lesser need have I !

LXXX.

UNFATHOMED space
And farthest thought
God's power doth enfold;
To earthly ways
His love hath brought
The beauty we behold.

Lest we forget
How great He is
There wait the sky and sea.
A violet
His tenderness
Reveals to you and me.

LXXXI.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

FROM the depths of color,
From the heart of tone,
From the sculptured marble
And the builded stone
Soars the great *Te Deum*
Art hath always known.

LXXXII.

WE measure off God's wide eternity
By weeks and months and years;
and it is well:

So do we build these houses where we dwell
Because we cannot bear the mysterious sky.

But we who breathe illimitable air,
On whom the light of unknown stars descends,—

Ours are the small beginnings and the ends.
There are no God-placed limits anywhere.

LXXXIII.

BUILD as we may we shall not reach the
sky;

Our little arches bend forever low
Beneath the eternal arch that curves on
high,

Above the eternal depths we do not
know.

LXXXIV.

“**I** *WILL* not lose Thee, Lord,” I cried,
In fear and pride.

And then—as far as soul could see—
Around my little doubt and me

The universe grew wide!

“I *cannot* lose Thee, Lord,” I cried,

“There is nor land nor sky nor sea
That is not wholly filled by Thee!”

LXXXV.

SO wide the sky !
So small am I !
So great Thou art,
O Loving Heart,
No life can be
Outside of Thee.

LXXXVI.

ELUSIVE

A WHITE cloud faded against the blue,
And my heart grew silent as the sky.
So faint, so far! yet I nearly knew
The thought that passed me by!

LXXXVII.

DREAMS

INTANGIBLE existences,
That fade and are forgot;
Without a past; whose future is
Waking to what is not.

LXXXVIII.

THE TRAVELERS

A LONG the safe white path of day
The busy thoughts go on their way,
But dreams, day-hidden, wander far
From unknown star to unknown star.

LXXXIX.

AS to deep notes of music
The over-tones reply
And wing their way to heaven,
Rising inaudibly,

So spirit answers spirit,
So thou, O note divine,
Hast waked a higher vision
Within this heart of mine.

XC.

A WHITE MOMENT

ABOUT the swooning self the senses
fling
Their sheltering dulness to restore my sight,
Excess of beauty is a fearful thing,
And I was lost in light.

XCI.

LITTLE Questions, you are
blind;

You would be
Answers I am fain to find
Could you see.

Light, the miracle, delays;
You must grow
To a wider wonder-place
Ere I know.

XCII.

TO CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

LATEST, least of kinsmen, I;
Yet, O father, as I read
Ancient answer to my need
Can I heritage deny?

Flashed thy thought in pulse of flame
Once far centuries ago,
Calling whom thou didst not know;
Late I came.

XCIII.

LABORERS

AS the Pattern doth allow,
From the substance of the heart,
Brother Spider, I and thou
Labor at the loom of Art.

Weave to perfect form a thought,
Clothe eternity in time.
Little brother, so are wrought
Worlds, a fragile web, a rhyme.

XCIV.

A BARREN little muse, December
born,
Most quickened by gray weather and the
wind,
Silenced by sunshine and a bit forlorn,—
As too-bright happiness leaves hope be-
hind.

She turns toward the light she knows not
yet,
From out the shelter of the dusk she knows;
Her climbing feet unto the hills are set,
Upon whose stony ways the great wind
blows.

XCV.

LIFE

UNCOUNTED days, as like as pearl
to pearl,
Strung on the silver thread of memory;
Days of the changeless, everchanging sea
Pulsing within the being of the girl,
Waking the woman to the mystery
Of life that alters ever, yet abides,
Set to the rhythm of the ceaseless tides;
Days of the white roads hedged with
bayberry;
Of stony fields and footways in the grass,—
A sweet monotony through which to pass.
Until, at last, when finished are the years,
To one dear road as dust to dust to come;
Beside the pines the heart to find a home;
The wise sea to take back life's hopes and
fears.

XCVI.

A REMINDER

BROUGHT by the wind,
Sent by the tree,—
Bright little leaf,
Is your message for me?

Soft is the sound,
Light is the touch,—
Flutter to earth
Lest you tell me too much !

XCVII.

OCTOBER clover,
Belated bee,
For you and me,
Summer is over.

The days are fleeter
And blossoms few,
Yet (if bees knew !)
Late joy's the sweeter !

XCVIII.

I PLANNED to help the sun arise;
But as I slumbered came the day.
Not mine to lighten heavy eyes
And put the dark away.

Omnipotence I thought to aid:
While yet my eager hands were still
The morning that I had not made
Brought blessing for the will.

XCIX.

AT SUNRISE IN DECEMBER

THE summer had no glory keen as this.
Earth is transfigured, white and
glistening.

Blue is the living sea, blue, passionate
And terrible, alert with sudden waves
That, crystal-capped, before the north
wind run;

Across the ice-bound marsh, on the low
hills,

The cedars, like enchanted warriors,
Lift their dark spears, erect and motion-
less;

From hidden hearths, the iridescent smoke
Bears witness to an unseen human toil;
The cloudless winter sky is over all.

And in the heart there stirs a sense of
things

Beyond life's knowledge and experience,
Too beautiful for grief, too strange for joy.

C.

“FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O’ THE
SUN”

I CAN be glad the unspent body dies,—
I can be glad, at last !
Not thine, not thine those tired feet that
passed,
Not thine th’ age-stricken eyes.

CI.

“WITH WHAT BODY DO THEY
COME ? ”

SOMETIMES in sudden light from other
eyes;
Sometimes in breaking bread; in touch, in
tone;
Presences of the way; voice of new skies;—
Lo, we have felt and known.

CII.

THE STRONG SOUL

STILL is the winner greater than the
prize,
The loser than the loss;
So like the twain, that Life fulfils, denies,
And crowns upon a Cross.

CIII.

“ MINE HOUR IS NOT YET COME ”

THERE was a marriage-day in Galilee,
When love by Love was blessed;
He brought a gift of goodly wine, for He
Was Wedding Guest.

THE HOUR

THERE was a Chamber in Jerusalem
Where Love the Uttermost
Made for His friends a Feast, and gave to
them
Himself, the Host.

CIV.

FLIGHT

“**C**OME,” said the rock, “and watch
the flight of things.”

So, all the summer’s day, I watched the
world

From an Unseen Pursuer flee away:

The tide that sought the shore, that fled
the shore;

The keening sea-gulls flying to the south,
Circling the harbor to the north again;

The clouds that scattered, faded, dis-
appeared,

Swept by the winds, themselves an un-
known will;

The ceaseless moments one by one that
passed;

The sun, the shadow, without resting-
place;—

Even as I watched the miracle of change

’Twas I that changed, and self that fled
away.

CV.

LIGHT-HEART, how well do I remember thee !

So little didst thou know, so wise thou wert !

For thee the universe contained no hurt,
Thou child of spring, of dawn, of sunny
skies !

To darkness and to evil thou didst sleep;
That others wept, that thou thyself might'st
weep—

Unreal as the rain before the day

In April, or December yet to be !

Light-heart, how didst thou waken? I
forget.

Didst see that other eyes with tears were
wet?

Didst question what the meaning of the
woe

That kindred hearts, but thine not yet,
must know?

What shape had dread? And how, at
length, did fear

To thee draw near?

O Light-heart, Light-heart, light-heart
nevermore,
Who art thou to be merely heavenly-wise?
Companioned on the long and shadowed
way,
There is a multitude that goes before.

CVI.

COLD keen wind from the northwest
blowing,
Firm against my forehead, smoothing back
my hair,
Like a firm hand pressing with a strength
unwounding
The impatient body stayed by power of
the air;

Lonely I grow for sight of homing ships at
sunset,
For harbor, and for beacon lighted under
darkening sky;
Northwest wind blowing over troubled
water,
Keen as memory thou art, and sad am I.

CVII.

SUNLIGHT IN THE ROOM

SECRET and still, along the wall and
floor

Insistent, unreplying sunlight lies.

Shadow has form, but, terrible and white,

No shape or sound has Light,

Only the open door, through which there
pour

Radiant mysteries.

CVIII.

THE WITNESSES

WHO speak no word,
Who summon not by gesture or by
touch,
Who stay not eager hands or straying feet,
Who hinder not the deed that is our will;
Who wait, who watch;
Who pause with us at parting of the ways,
Who take with us whichever road we
choose,
Who go with us as love goes to the end.

CIX.

SONGS at the spring
When the year is new,
And at harvesting
While there's work to do.

When joy is past,
And labor through,
Silence at last
For me, for you.

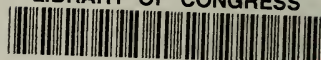
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